

Ike Swift's Story of a Star Actress

★ *The National* ★

# POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.

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Photo by Bushnell: San Francisco.

MARGIE ADDIS.

A CLEVER SERIO-COMIC WHOSE ENGAGEMENT AT THE HAYMARKET MUSIC HALL, SAN FRANCISCO, WAS AN UNQUALIFIED SUCCESS.





RICHARD K. FOX,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,  
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.

Saturday, February 3, 1906

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FREE SUPPLEMENT WITH THIS ISSUE:  
MINDELL KINGSTON, VAUDEVILLIAN.

#### MISCELLANEOUS SPORTS.

Gus Ruhlin, who cannot get a match, is refereeing three-round bouts in New York.

Frank Yoakum, a Chester, Pa., horse, made the fastest gelding pacing record in 1905. He went in 2:05½ at Titusville.

Jockey Miller, who came to the front during last Summer's New York season, is riding well at Los Angeles this Winter.

The New York National League Baseball Club has signed a contract with Henry Mathewson, a brother of Christy Mathewson.

Ed Touhey and Will Feeney have been matched to meet in a twenty-five mile race, at Palace Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Feb. 16.

C. K. G. Billings has announced that Lou Dillon and six other famous trotting and pacing mares are to be bred to John A. McKerron.

Napoleon Lajoie, who received \$30,000 for four years' playing with Cleveland, is about to sign another four years' contract on the same terms.

Charles B. McDonald, the crack Columbia College runner, was recently injured while in training, and will be compelled to retire for some time.

Pete Noonan, the former Holy Cross and Athletic catcher, will have another major league trial next season. He will be with the Chicago Nationals.

Arthur Redfern, the jockey, has received an offer to ride in France this coming season, and if he does not sign to ride for James R. Keene he will probably take the trip.

The Amateur Athletic Union has accepted the swimming record of C. M. Daniels, for one hundred yards, recently made at the New York Athletic Club, the time being 57 3-5 seconds.

The match between Frank Gotch, of Iowa, and Apollo, the Irishman, at Montreal, Canada, recently, best two out of three, mixed styles, was won by Gotch, he taking the first and third falls in 32½ and 24 minutes, catch-as-catch can, and Apollo the second, Greco-Roman, in 35 minutes. Thirty-five hundred attended.

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NEW YORK CITY.

## INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS

PICKED UP THROUGHOUT

### THE THEATRICAL FIELD

Professionals Are Invited to Send Paragraphs of Their  
Doings For Publication on This Page.

#### GAZETTE HALF-TONE PHOTOGRAPHS ARE POPULAR

The Browns in Town Big Vaudeville Company is Making a Hit--The George A. Hughson Comedy Company Will Open Under Canvas in May.

J. T. Carrier, equilibrist, has signed for the season of 1906 with the Hagenbeck Show.

Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show will remain abroad for another year, and will open in March.



JEANNETTE DUPRE.

A Prominent Burlesque Beauty who now  
Shines in Vaudeville and is a Headliner.

seilles, France, next March, afterward touring Italy, Germany, Hungary, Holland, Austria and Belgium.

The Four Boises returned recently from England. They are booked up to the opening of the circus season, when they will join the Wallace Circus.

Harry and Sallie Foster, German sketch team, have closed with Lorman's Minstrel and Vaudeville Company, after three successful seasons, and are at their home in Philadelphia.

Bill Harddig, the juggling tramp, has closed a successful season of thirty-six weeks with Sun Brothers' Railroad Shows. He will play a few weeks in vaudeville through New England, and will go out with the Forepaugh-Sells Shows in the Spring.

Jessie Hereford has again joined hands with her daughter Eva Metcalf, and the team will hereafter be known as Hereford and Grant. They will lay off until the circus season opens, and will then join the Barnum & Bailey Show.

Charles Merritt and May Rozella report meeting with big success with Dave Kraus' European Sensation Company, playing parts and doing their specialty in the olio. Miss Rozella was presented with a diamond studded watch and diamond pin by her husband (Charles Merritt). They sail for England as soon as the season closes, in May.

Nick Otte, novelty Roman ring gymnast, has joined hands with Mabelle Deane, to do their novelty ring act, which, they believe, will be one of the best acts of its kind in the business. They are now practicing at Grand Rapids, Mich., and will return to vaudeville Feb. 12, for a short season, when they will join one of the leading carnival companies.

Lillian Tyson has purchased from Frank V. Dunn the Bon Ton Theatre, of Philadelphia.

Casey and Craney report success for their act on the Family circuit, through Pennsylvania.

Dorothy Collins reports success. She is at present working clubs in and around New York.

Prof. Perrino, lion tamer, has signed for next season with Al F. Wheeler's New Model Shows.

The Ringling Brothers have engaged Fred Zobedie, the Onri Family and Skatinelli for next season.

Cato S. Keith is in his third season with the Burke-McCann Company. His Hebrew act continues to be a feature.

The Dashington Brothers, in Winter quarters at Danville, Ill., announce that they will enlarge their show next season.

George W. Leslie has finished engagements at Leavenworth, Parsons, Topeka and Wichita, Kan., and is booked solid to April 16.

Ella Claus and Florence Fields are meeting with success, doing their singing and dancing act. They are booked solid until Spring.

Anderson and Goines act has been a great success over the Keith circuit. They are in their eighth week, with six more weeks to follow.

The Palace Music Garden, Schenectady, N. Y., under the management of Mrs. William Osborne (formerly Lottie Austin), is doing nicely.

Count Krano is in his second season with V. D. Newell's No. 1 "Jolly American Tramp," Western company, as the special feature in his unicycle act.

Louis H. Baker has been engaged as resident manager for the Grand Opera House, Pottstown, Pa., by the Penn Theatre Company, for the remainder of this season.

The Famous Jackson Family opened on the Proctor circuit, at Troy, N. Y., week of Jan. 8, with Proctor's Fifty-eighth Street to follow, and are booked solid to April 16.

Mlle. Hilda has joined Shipp's Indoor Circus for the season, and reports meeting with success. Next season she goes out again with Pain's "Port Arthur" Company.

George Hordes, solo clarinet, with Carl Clair's Concert Band (of Barnum & Bailey Show) is now Wintering at Houston, Texas, in the orchestra of the Majestic Theatre.

Fentelle and Radcliffe, the "Tramp and the Bell Boy," are principal comedians with the Rentz-Sentley Company. At the close of the season they will return to vaudeville.

Vardaman, female impersonator, finished fifty consecutive weeks on the Pacific Coast, for Lovrich, Lubelski and Levy. He opened at Portland, Ore., for six weeks in that vicinity.

La Troupe Carmen introduced two original feats recently—a backward somersault across the shoulders, on a tight wire; also a flip flap on a platform, held by two members of the troupe, on a tight wire.

Herrman the Great has a new illusion, "Transparence," in which Marie Herrmann plays the part of "Medinah, the Egyptian Damsel." It was produced for the first time the opening week of the New Majestic Theatre, Chicago.

D. W. McCabe & W. A. Thomas' Georgia Troubadours are doing good business through Illinois and Wisconsin. The company is out for a long trip, via California, into Old Mexico. The leading people are: D. W. McCabe, W. A. Thomas, The Creole Nightingale, Katie Marie Taylor, Louise Lewis, Bertha Grey and George White. Katie Marie Taylor is making quite a hit in her singing. Thomas and Lewis, in their

#### RECORDS! RECORDS!

Every actor should have a copy of the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for 1906, illustrated, because it contains facts they ought to know. It can be carried in the vest pocket, but all the sporting records worth knowing are between the covers. Sent for six two cent stamps. Get busy.

sketch "Society," are scoring heavily. D. W. McCabe's latest production, "The Devil Worshippers of the Bush," an Oriental comic opera satire, taken from the life of David Flickenger Wilberforce, will be staged very soon.

Horace Webb, clown and gymnast, who was the past two seasons with the Ringling Brothers' World's Greatest Shows, has signed for next year with the Hagenbeck Show. Besides doing his novelty aerial act, he will be one of the producing clowns with that show.

Read Ike Swift's stories of Gay New York by Night and Day, published in this paper every week. Don't miss them.

The following is the olio of the Miss New York, Jr., Company: Wlora Trio, Hungarian singers and dancers; the Boston City Quartette, Gagnoux and Gagnoux, novelty jugglers; Allen and Bright, Bandy and Wilson, wooden shoe dancers, and Hayward, Conroy and Hayward, in "Marriage is Sublime."

The following is the roster of Alexander Miller's Comedians, touring Eastern Ohio: The Sanders, comedy sketch team; Princess Neta, in her ride shooting; Ed Sandor, Irish and Dutch specialty; C. Arthur Brown, blackface comedian; Mrs. Miller, serpentine and fire dance; Brown and Miller, in their dancing creation, "Wait for the Finish," and the child performer, Little Arthur Miller, in songs and dances.

The Browns in Town Big Vaudeville Company is playing to capacity business in Northern New York. The roster of the company is as follows: F. L. Brown, proprietor and manager; Mrs. F. L. Brown, treasurer; Harry Sharp, in advance; the La Brown Brothers, in second sight and mind reading; Zeno, slack wire; Lena Mozart, soft shoe dancer; Billy De Lano, acrobatic singing and dancing tramp; Master Canton, club juggling and hoop rolling; Davis and Hardy, knockabout comedians; Lindsay Sisters, Saleer, contortionist; Brown and Delaney, sketch.

The George A. Hughson Comedy Company will open their regular season at Norwich, N. Y., on or about May 20. Mr. Hughson has spared no pains or expense to make this one of the greatest family entertainments that will be seen under canvas next season. Following are a few of the many well known performers who have signed with the show: Jewdey Fore-



SUZINETTA.

The Only Woman Cannon Ball Juggler in the World. She Challenges any Female to Equal Her Act and is Willing to Put Up a Stake.

man, Buck Cornell, Bug Jones, Tom Mulligan, Lewis Barbary, Carpenter and McCabe, Marsh and Sullivan, Ford and Walte, Odonal and Pooler. Mr. Hughson will carry about eighty people and play all the principal cities. Toney Barbary will attend to the advance.

Ring and Williams and the Two Werntzs opened on the Pacific Coast circuit, in Los Angeles, on Jan. 8, with the Northwestern Sullivan & Considine circuit to follow. The sketch work of Ring and Williams, and the double trapeze work of the Werntzs, were a big success on the Lubelski Novelty circuit.



# Stories of Gay New York by Night and Day

This Week You May Read in This Narrative How a  
Star Actress Began Life in the West.

## SHE'S FORGOTTEN THE GOLDEN GATE NOW

A Man Who Owned a Paying Mine Once Figured Out That Her Smiles Were  
Worth \$2,500 to Him, and He Paid It Willingly.

No. 14.



IKE SWIFT.

When you go to the theatre, sit in a comfortable seat, and look at the gay, laughing girls who are doing all sorts of stunts in the front row, you are evidently under the impression that their lives are simply one unending series of revels and that they live in luxurious ease. In your fancy you see them going to magnificent apartments to enjoy late dinners washed down by high-priced wine; you think, perhaps, that they dress just as you see them on the stage, and that all they have to do is ask for anything they happen to want and it is theirs.

You are simply painting a mental picture in very attractive colors, and if you could make it real it would be a very fine thing for the girl who makes up that she may look well from behind the footlights. There are few short cuts to the stage and the roads are for the most part hard and tiresome. The woman who gets there, and by that I mean the one who finally lands with a reputation, usually has a past that would make interesting reading—if it could be published, which is out of the question.

To-day there is a woman in New York who is a star. So far as real talent is concerned she ought to have been a star years ago, but there was some hitch and she failed to connect.

She's all right now, however, and when she pulls down her fat bundle of bills every week she doesn't think of the old days on the Pacific Coast when she was doing one turn an hour in the mining camps, and well content if she got enough at the end of the show to pay for her room and give her a balance on the side to keep up her wardrobe—stage wardrobe, I mean—for she didn't seem to care much how she dressed when on the street, and so far as that was concerned, she was on the street very little, for reasons that are obvious.

She was a nice-looking little girl in those days, full of ginger and all that sort of thing, and she had the kind of magnetism that made a good many men think they couldn't live without her. She was bright and saucy, and happy-go-lucky, taking things as they came, singing her songs with an abandon and grace that went a long way towards filling up the house.

But it was when she danced that she was at her best. That half-wild Spanish Cachuca made those rough men rise to their feet and cheer her as if she was the most wonderful girl in the world, and when the boys were flush many a hundred dollars in gold went over the flickering footlights to her feet, so that she really and truly danced on gold. It was the Westerner's way of paying homage to anyone they liked, and it is done to-day, but not to so great an extent.

You see, there was no limit on those fellows in the blue shirts and bearded faces, and what was a handful of gold more or less to them then or at any other time?

They were an open-handed lot, living only for the day, and to the devil with to-morrow, lavishing all they had upon anyone whom they liked.

As the money rolled in to her so it rolled out, easily and without apparent effort, and at the end of a year

### SPORTS! SPORTS!

If you haven't a copy of the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for 1906, illustrated, you are shy the best book of the year. Twelve cents in stamps brings it to you.

she had just what she started with—a couple of dresses, the most part of which was tinsel.

And that brings me right into the heart of this story, the preliminary having been sufficiently long to give you a thorough introduction to this little lady—queen of the mining camps.

It isn't likely you ever heard of a fellow who for some romantic reason or other, called himself Palo Alto Bill. He was a tin horn gambler, good at short cards, willing to take a chance at any proposition that ever came over the hills, so long as he could figure in it financially, but he had no heart. It was all Bill from first to last, and he didn't have enough generosity in his entire system to drop a bone to a hungry dog. You know the breed—they think they all right, but they are so eaten up with selfishness, and egotism, and vanity, that they stride along with their elbows pushed out, as if they were going to shove everybody else off the earth.

He was handsome all right, with black hair—black as an Indian's—a curling mustache, and a wonderfully taking way with a woman.

This was the combination that stacked itself up against the little singer with the suggestion that they travel in double harness for mutual benefit.

That was all there was to it.

He saw her, he liked her, why shouldn't he have her. And if she had been married it would have been the same to him. He would in all probability have suggested an elopement on a pair of fast horses.

sort, and that there were a hundred tie-ups by mutual consent for one real swell matrimonial clinch, with a sky-pilot to sing his little song of "I now pronounce you man and wife." Also bear in mind that she had known Bill about six months and that his style rather appealed to her, because he was artistic in a crude sort of a way, and besides, he wore his clothes with a certain amount of grace that was good for the female eye to look on.

So they tied up together and Bill began his life of ease and prosperity. The next week was announced as her grand farewell appearance, and she was the recipient every night of a testimonial of so substantial a character, that as she herself put it, her salary seemed like pennies for candy. In these many testimonials might have been recognized the fine Italian touch of Bill, who had a Herrman-like knack of waving his hands in the empty air and producing real money. And while she was busy picking up the nuggets and gold bucks which the enthusiastic miners flung at her, he was attending to his end of the contract by arranging a tour. He had a few schemes under his hat that would have brought him in all kinds of money if he had had a fair swing, but he was born with the soul of a grafter, and that is very much like a taint in the blood, in that it can never be effaced. It may disappear for a while, but it is always liable to turn up at the most unexpected time.

When the week was done the company started—the company in this case being a couple of miners, who were in hard luck and who were ahead of the show; Bill and the girl.

I saw her the other night in a famous eating place on Broadway putting away a chop and a small bottle, and I wondered then if she remembered San Bernardino that June morning when everything she had in the world was held in one small bag which Bill carried.

The plan of procedure was simple. She was to get a date in a town, Bill was to go around and boom her as the best that ever hit the Coast, and tell of the hit she made in 'Frisco. Then when she came on the stage to do her dance the two hobos were to start the cheering. Towards the finish of the act one of them was to walk down the aisle to the footlights and toss up a handful of gold coins, and then the other was to follow suit. That would start the crowd giving up; for after all, people are like sheep, they will always follow a leader.



IT WAS WHEN SHE DANCED THAT HALF WILD SPANISH CACHUCA THAT SHE MADE HER HIT.

"How long have you been in the business, Sis?" was the way he started it.

He was smoking a cigarette at the time, and he didn't even take the trouble to look at her, but holding his head back, blew the rings of smoke, one after the other, towards the low ceiling.

"Oh, about a year, and I've been making good ever since I started."

"That's what you have. I suppose you've got a big bunch of coin by this time, eh?"

"If I have I wish someone would find it for me. There may be a lot of fun in the game but there's no money, that is, not yet."

"Well, let me give you just one straight tip. What you want is a manager—someone to boom you. Suppose you and I double up, and then I'll show you how to get the money, and hold it, too. Nothing cheap about me. You're a good fellow and I'm a good fellow, and we can do well together. I'll put you where you belong, for you ain't getting half of what's coming to you. How about it?"

Just remember that this was in the West, where a girl had a mighty hard time of it without a protector of some

It was a good stunt, and there wasn't any chance for a failure.

It worked out just as Bill figured it would, and it kept him busy enough looking after the money end of the game.

It was the turn in the tide for her so far as her fortunes and popularity was concerned, and she simply created a furore wherever she appeared. In those days she wore a twenty dollar gold piece around her neck. It was held by a string which ran through a hole she had bored herself with a great deal of labor. It was the first piece of money she had ever received over the footlights and she said it was her mascot, and declared she would always keep it. It might have been her mascot, but I'll bet a hundred to one that she hasn't it now.

Put a good-looking girl on the stage, have her make a hit so that she is talked about, and she'll attract more men than a leg show in Paris. There's an irresistible fascination about the stage that makes even bald-headed old papas fall. It's a hard thing to figure out but it's a fact, nevertheless.

In this particular case they flocked around her like

sheep for a shelter when a storm is in the air, and the girl took to wearing good clothes, ordered from 'Frisco, and using to their full capacity the services of a maid.

And then there came upon the scene the other man. He had hit the Coast from Colorado, and his mine was turning out the yellow stuff so fast that he had more than he could do to spend it. He was busily engaged in the exciting pastime of buying everything he saw when he met the girl that Bill was leading along the golden road to wealth. There was nothing half-way about his methods, so he promptly went out and bought the biggest diamond he could find, put it in an envelope upon which he wrote in lead pencil:

"The best stone for the nicest girl; come and have a bottle of wine with me after the show."

He didn't need to sign his name to it, for the stage hand who received a ten dollar gold piece as a tip for taking it to her pointed him out as he sat at one of the tables well up towards the stage.

"He seems to be kind of stuck on you," he remarked casually; "will I tell him you'll see him?"

She put the ring on her finger and looked at it critically, holding it first this way and that so that the light would catch it. The inspection evidently pleased her, for she said:

"Sure; he's entitled to it after this."

That is how it came about that, still in her stage dress, she went directly from the stage to the table where Croesus sat and smiled on him, while the diamond flashed like a calcium.

One bottle broke the ice, two put them on a friendly footing, and three made them life-long friends. They were on the fourth and their heads were close together. He was talking in a low tone, while she was listening intently and nodding her head in affirmation every moment or so when Bill happened along.

He didn't like the looks of this and he showed it plainly. He touched her on the shoulder with an air of proprietorship and remarked curtly:

"Come on."

"Who's your friend," asked the wine opener; "introduce me."

"I'm the real one," said Bill.

"Husband?" asked the other, laconically.

"Not yet," she answered.

"Oh," and his eyebrows were lifted a trifle. Then he turned to Bill. "Sit down and have a drink; I want to talk to you."

Then the fifth bottle was brought on. He held his brimming glass aloft.

"Wish me luck, old man, for I'm going to take this little girl away from you," and his blue eyes looked into Bill's black ones with a steady and disconcerting gaze.

"I guess we've got something to say about that," said Bill, putting his glass down suddenly.

"Not much. You see, I'm going to give you a thousand dollars and that will be your meal ticket until you find a new prima donna."

"You made a mistake," said Bill, "you meant \$5,000."

"I agree with you; I did make a mistake; it's \$2,500, and you'd better grab it quick, because it's easy money and it's the limit, too."

The girl was playing with the ring, turning it around her finger aimlessly, never once looking and saying no word. Bill drained his glass, put it down, and then looked at the stage.

"Do I get it now?" he asked abruptly.

"Yes, now."

He held out his hand, palm upwards, with a suggestive movement, and in just fifteen seconds it held an order on the Assay Office for the amount. It was as easy as going into a store and buying a blue flannel shirt. Thirty days later—a record for speed, by the way—the girl opened in San Francisco as the star in a farce comedy on which ten thousand dollars had been spent before the curtain went up. She had talent, but not enough to make good, and after a week's losing run the play was shelved. She gained a lot of experience and had a suite of rooms at the best hotel in town, which was something for a girl who had previously been housed in an eight by ten. That was what gave her a running jump into the profession, so to speak. She has landed on both feet now, but none of her friends would dare bring up the subject of the glorious West to her.

That were best forgotten.

Ike Swift.

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YOU SHOULD PAY A LITTLE ATTENTION TO THE BEWITCHING CURVES OF THE "WASHINGTON SOCIETY BELLES."



*Photos by Bushnell: San Francisco.*

WHEN THIS GROUP OF COQUETTISH PERFORMERS WERE ON THE PACIFIC COAST THEY MADE A BIG HIT.

JUST A SCORE.

THESE GIRLS CREATED A SENSATION IN THE WEST WHEN THE FOOTLIGHTS SHONE.





JAMES PEPPER.

A SOMERSWORTH, N. H., AMATEUR WHO BARS NO ONE AT 160 POUNDS.



W. E. CHAPMAN.

HE IS AN EXPERT BALL TOSSER OF THE WARREN, N. H., BASEBALL TEAM.



JIMMY MARTIN.

A HARD-HITTING BOXER OF CASPER, WYO.



YOUNG PLUTO.

A STOCKTON, CAL., BOXER WHO CHALLENGES AT 105 POUNDS.



N. RAGO.

A SPORTING TONSORIALIST OF 142 HESTER STREET, NEW YORK.



THEY ARE IN THE ARMY.

SOME OF THE STURDY SOLDIER BOYS OF FORT SHERIDAN, ILL.—THE MAN MARKED WITH THE CROSS CLAIMS TO BE THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE SERVICE.



# THE CRACK RACE RIDERS

—AS A RULE—

## DON'T LAST VERY LONG

There is Always a New Lot of Clever and Daring Youngsters Coming to the Front.

### WALTER MILLER'S RAPID RISE FROM OBSCURITY

Of the Great Boys of a Few Years Ago There Are But a Few Left and Most of Them Are Riding Abroad.

The passing of experienced and famous jockeys does not take long in these modern times of the turf. Stars in the saddle of to-day are gone to-morrow, unknown youngsters springing into prominence with the running

Suicide Club, which embraces the different steeplechase riders in the East.

And so with the passing of a jockey comes the rise of the midget apprentice who gets his first taste of real



THE ZINZ BROTHERS.

Sam, who weighs 80 pounds, and Harry, 60 pounds, are able to Box Cleverly. Thanks to the Efforts of Thomas Morris, of Morris Athletic School, East Baltimore, Md.

of almost every race, whether in Winter or Summer. Yet the turning of jockeys into back numbers is not at all strange, for that is the case with all classes of sporting celebrities. The jockey, however, does not last as long as the ball player or the boxer, for the reason that he grows heavy with rapidity and is practically driven from the saddle at an early age because of the low scale of weights prevailing in this country.

It was not so many years ago that Nash Turner, Henry Spencer, Lester Reiff, Fred Tatal and others in their class were the leading jockeys in America, but they soon took on so much weight that they were compelled to cease operations here and go abroad in search of new engagements and gold. George Odom retired permanently to become an owner last Summer because he had grown too big to make the required weights, and even Arthur Redfern, a crack jockey in 1904, found it impossible to reduce below 112 pounds, which made him spend a greater part of his time on the ground. Yet Redfern was an unknown four years ago until he took the East by storm by his splendid horsemanship.

Going back only seven years we find a list of jockeys famous in their time who are never heard of now as knights of the pigskins, except, of course, Danny Maher, who recently came home from England after a most successful campaign, and Tommy Burns, who rode with fair success this year on the metropolitan circuit. Of this list Dick Clawson, Hamilton and John Lamle have passed away. Sam Doggett has been a trainer for some time, with Littlefield, J. J. McCafferty, Willie Martin and Max Hirsch similarly occupied.

Skeets Martin rode in England last year with indifferent success, while Joe Piggott went to Russia three years ago. Willie Sims, the noted colored rider, was a frequenter of the local tracks last year, apparently well fixed financially, but with nothing to do. Fred Tatal rode with great success last season in Germany and Austria. Tod Sloan has gone on the stage, Spencer is trying to pick winners at New Orleans and so is Joe Scherrer. Wilhite, the boy who piloted the great Hamburg to victory in many races in 1887, is never heard of nowadays. Dupee and Powers are members of the

#### SPORTS! SPORTS!

Get a copy of the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual," price ten cents; postage two cents extra; and you'll have the best book of the kind ever published. It contains thirty full-page photos of sporting celebrities.

saddle work as an exercise boy or mere hanger on. A regiment of these youngsters has been developed the past twelve months, with another batch ready to leap at a chance to become famous this year.

It is not time yet for such experienced riders as Lyne, O'Neill, Jack Martin, Burns, Hildebrand, Shaw, Willie Davis and few other boys of note to withdraw from the arena, but they are rapidly nearing the finish. Willie Davis on two occasions last year was made seriously ill because of the rigorous training methods to which he resorted in order to reduce his weight. Shaw, in spite of the fact that he has always lived quietly, also found it difficult to keep down in avoirdupois, while Lyne, too, was much heavier when he ceased riding at the Fall meeting at Belmont Park than when he began operations in the Spring last year.

Martin will be in dire straits this year to make the low scale and so will O'Neill and Hildebrand. The latter, whose license was revoked by the Jockey Club last Summer, is idle this Winter as a result, which means that he will have to keep in good physical trim if he receives a chance to handle horses in 1906. Winnie O'Connor and Jay Rausch, who rode in France last year, are both heavy and are better off on the other side of the Atlantic.

Of the recent crop of clever apprentices, Walter Miller is the best. In fact, he is regarded as the most skillful lightweight in America to-day. A year ago he was unheard of. He had been exercising horses for William Smith, the brother of the late Pittsburg Phil, when he was turned over to James McLaughlin for a similar purpose. W. A. Stanton had just embarked in a turf venture and had engaged Sam Doggett to train for him. Doggett looked around for a promising lad to take to Los Angeles for the Winter of 1904-05, and finally selected Miller, a midget, who can still ride under 90 pounds.

No sooner had Miller received a chance to show what he could do at Ascot Park than he sprang into prominence. He rode so many winners and displayed such natural horsemanship that when he came East last Spring with Stanton and Doggett it was decided to push him along. Miller made good, even with the crack jockeys opposed to him, and when the season's work was summed up it was found that he actually led all the other riders in point of winning mounts. He rode 105 firsts, 92 seconds, 79 thirds, together with 345 unplaced mounts. There was no doubt about his cleverness, for he displayed it from day to day in such a manner that at the close of the season Andrew Miller,

a steward of the Jockey Club, made a big offer for Miller's contract, but Stanton declined to let the boy go. Miller is riding at Los Angeles again this Winter, with the usual success, and when he comes East in the Spring he will be in universal demand, no doubt.

Miller had a big lead over the other new jockeys, for he was followed in the list of winning riders by O'Neill, Willie Knapp, Burns, J. Martin, Lyne, Baird, Hildebrand, Shaw, Willie Davis and Romanelli. Baird, who was practically a newcomer, after a successful season last Winter, at New Orleans, made a notable record up to the Saratoga meeting, where he fell into bad hands and finally lost his license. The jockeys who won ten or more races in the past season in the East were as follows:

Jockeys.	First.	Second.	Third.	Unplaced.
Miller.....	195	92	79	345
O'Neill.....	95	92	78	212
W. Knapp.....	88	68	59	238
Burns.....	71	62	69	342
J. Martin.....	64	54	55	231
Lyne.....	64	44	43	109
Baird.....	58	64	41	168
Hildebrand.....	57	53	57	184
Shaw.....	55	37	46	150
W. Davis.....	48	37	37	148
Romanelli.....	35	29	39	205
McDaniel.....	34	28	40	236
Sewell.....	26	30	25	128
Crimmins.....	23	24	26	141
Diggins.....	22	23	22	140
J. Jones.....	22	20	16	114
Perrine.....	19	20	18	99
Willey.....	19	13	12	64
J. J. Walsh.....	18	19	13	118
*Ray.....	18	9	5	11
L. Smith.....	115	33	22	238
Redfern.....	15	19	12	48
Nicol.....	15	18	20	81
J. Johnson.....	15	16	20	143
Nottier.....	15	15	29	117
B. Smith.....	15	12	13	132
Beil.....	15	9	10	56
W. McIntyre.....	13	15	12	130
Odom.....	12	17	7	52
Fuller.....	11	12	6	33
J. Kelly.....	10	12	11	82

\*Steeplechase rider. †Dead heat.

Read Ike Swift's stories of Gay New York by Night and Day, published in this paper every week. Don't miss them.

#### MORAN WINS OVER GIBBS.

Jimmy Moran, the Brooklyn, N. Y., bantam, who has been doing good work in three-round bouts with the best of the little fellows, journeyed to Providence, R. I., where he met Willie Gibbs, of Philadelphia, in a fifteen-round bout on Jan. 16, at the Rhode Island A. C. The Brooklynite gained the decision by his aggressive work and made a hit with the eight hundred spectators.

#### FARMER GOT THE DECISION.

Kid Farmer was given the decision over Palay Hogan, of Indianapolis, before the Riverside A. C., at Peoria, Ill., on Jan. 15, in a ten-round bout. The fight was for the championship of Central Illinois and the decision was not received favorably by the spectators. Farmer was the aggressor, but Hogan was stronger on infighting and showed more skill. Referee Kinney awarded the fight to Farmer on points.

#### TIP.

[WITH PHOTO.]

On another page of this issue is reproduced the photograph of the favorite fire dog Tip, of Engine Company No. 112, located on Wythe avenue between North

#### DOINGS OF THE PUGILISTS

Coffroth looks like he will be the real thing in the fighting world this year.

Jack Hanlon has been made matchmaker of the Reading (Pa.) Physical Culture Club.

Jack Downey, the old-time featherweight, is now boxing three-round bouts around New York.

Billy Williams, the Delaware bantam boxer, age twenty years, recently died at Wilmington.

James J. Corbett is now appearing at one of New York's Broadway Theatres in a new play written by Bernard Shaw.

Dick Hyland's match with Young Mowatt has been called off because of the latter's defeat at Philadelphia the other night.

Many matchmakers are waiting for the crop of English pugilists who are to be brought to this country by Charley Mitchell.

Billy Lavigne is sporting editor of an evening paper in Seattle while waiting for that town to open up for boxing contests.

Ex-lightweight champion Frank Erne denies that he will engage in three-round bouts in New York, and states that he has retired.

In a fierce six-round fight before the National Sporting Club at Wilmington, Del., recently, Fred Blackburn defeated Dave Holly.

Sailor Brown, at one time fairly good, was knocked out in one round recently in New York by Jack Hopper, another prize ring veteran.

New York sports seeing that the small boxing clubs are not being molested, are planning to organize a big club, where intercity bouts will be held.

In the Opera House, at Newcastle, Pa., recently, Lorry Temple and George Gunther, the latter from Australia, fought twelve hard rounds to a draw.

Should the father of Frankie Neil secure the permit to hold boxing contests in San Francisco this month, he will match his son against Jimmy Walsh.

Chicago scrappers have toppled over two California native sons. Nelson took the championship from Britt, and Kid Herman trimmed Eddie Hanlon.

Al Neil, the California middleweight, who was a good boxer a few years ago, was knocked out in fourteen rounds by Joe Thomas at Vallejo, Cal., the other night.

Tommy Murphy, the little New York fighter, who has made \$5,000 in the last thirteen months, is investing his money in New York building lots. He purchased two more lots recently.

Tommy Murphy had all the best of his three-round go with George Hoy before the Long Acre A. C., recently, and it was only the bell at the end of the third round that prevented the clever little Harlem boxer from scoring a knockout.

Tommy Ryan and Marvin Hart have come to the conclusion that they will give up their theatrical business for good. Jack Curley, business manager for the pair, writes that Ryan is afraid of losing his health by the continuous work and irregular hours.

Black Bill, a heavyweight, knocked out Neromus, the Mexican bull wrestler, in the fifth round, at the Broadway A. C., Philadelphia, recently. Neromus gave a great exhibition of gameness and came back for more every time he was knocked down.

The fight between Dave Deshler and Kid Goodman, in Boston, on Jan. 8, again ended in favor of Deshler on a foul. One week previous Deshler was



MATTHEW AND STEVEN FLESSNER.

Two Youngsters of East Baltimore, Pupils at the Morris Athletic School, weighing 60 and 65 pounds, who are Proficient in the Science of Hit and Get Away.

Eight and North Ninth streets, Brooklyn. Tip is considered to be the handsomest fire dog connected with any engine company in the Eastern District, and he never fails to respond when the trucks roll. Tip was presented to the Company by Mark Janesky, former driver of said company, and is a great favorite with all the firemen. [Photographs of interesting animals are always acceptable to the POLICE GAZETTE and will be published free of charge.]

given the fight in the fifth round. This time he was awarded the winner's end in the eleventh on a foul.

#### SPORTS! SPORTS!

There is only one Sporting Annual for 1906 worth considering, and that is the one published by the POLICE GAZETTE. Any good newsdealer will get it for you, if not, send twelve cents in stamps to this office.

WRITE TO THE POLICE GAZETTE IF YOU WANT ANY KIND OF SPORTING or Physical Culture BOOKS



## JOE GANS KNOCKED OUT

—THE COLORED MAN MASTER AT ALL TIMES—

## MIKE (TWIN) SULLIVAN

The White Man was Receiver-General for Gans' Thumps  
Who Finished Him Neatly in the Fifteenth Round.

## THREE-ROUND-BOUT CLUBS POPULAR IN NEW YORK

Some Good Fights by the Lesser Lights—One Sad Occurrence—If You Are  
Looking for Business Send Your Defi to the Challenge Editor.

Joe Gans won a comparatively easy victory over Mike (Twin) Sullivan, of Boston, at Woodward's Pavilion, San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 19. The colored boy ended the fight with a left which landed flush to the jaw during the fifteenth round. It was the old Gans. He was wonderfully clever, and after the first half-dozen rounds was completely master of the situation. He fought a splendid battle, and simply chopped his man down. Sullivan was game, but he was entirely outclassed.

The men fought at about 130 pounds. Jack Welch was the referee.

The first round proved an even thing. Mike was the first to make a feint and for his pains he got a left and right to the face. Gans scored many times to the face, but Mike got in a good one to the stomach.

In the third Gans was bothered by Sullivan's reach and height, but he came back hard and outpointed Mike. Twice, when Sullivan tried for the head, Gans crossed him to the same spot. At the gong Gans ducked under a right and landed heavily on the jaw.

Gans gained a clear lead in the fourth round. It was apparent that he had too much skill for the Twin. Gans feinted a left and landed the right, but Mike got one to the colored lad's stomach that made him wince. Gans ducked a left and caught Mike with two light lefts on the mouth. A heavy blow to the jaw staggered the Twin near the end, and he had to clinch. Then Gans scored twice in a fast mixup.

The Twin was still alive in the fifth. He kept pegging away, but Gans' defence was perfect. Gans showed Mike some wrinkles of the fighting game in the sixth. He drew the Twin out and then planted a right to the stomach. A moment later he forced the Twin to the ropes with hearty rights and lefts to the face. A poke in the ribs made Mike still more uncomfortable, and he was glad to clinch. When the bell rang out Gans was beating a merry tattoo on the spare ribs of the Twin. It looked bad for Mike.

Sullivan realized that he was up against it in the seventh and was guilty of holding to such an extent that Referee Welch chided him. To start with, Gans dipped gracefully under a left and bobbed up with a right to the body. Mike scored with a stiff one to the face. Gans worked to close range and sent a broadside to the ribs.

Sullivan almost went out in the eighth. Gans began by blocking and ducking, Mike being unable to do anything against his marvelous defense. Suddenly Gans reached the chin with a right. The Twin fell in and clinched. Gans caught him with a hard left-hander and Mike dropped to his knees, but still holding on for dear life. Sullivan swayed and tottered, but he managed to keep his hold on the wriggling, dusky boy. By the time Gans got clear and was ready to cut loose, Mike had gained his bearings, and the bell soon came to his rescue.

Ganeness saved Mike in the ninth. Gans kept after him, blocking every lead and landing again and again on vital points. Once Gans got close and cut loose with lefts and rights to the face. Mike's knees sagged under him, but he fought on pluckily. Near the end Mike suddenly awoke and planted two good lefts to the face, but he got a nasty uppercut in return. They were in a clinch at the bell.

Mike did better in the tenth. He met Gans half way and did almost as well as the colored lad, who was perhaps stalling for a round. Twice Gans cut loose, but the Twin took the gruelling and fought back well. Near the end Gans cut loose and uppercut the Twin fearfully several times, following it with a right to the jaw.

Gans was plainly master of the situation in the eleventh. He took matters easily and had plenty of power in his blows. Every time he struck out poor Mike would bump into his glove. Gans slipped to his haunches while following Sullivan, but jumped up and blocked cleverly.

Gans grew careless in the twelfth and allowed Sullivan to land once in a while, which Mike did with a will. All Gans' blows were stingers, however, and he could hit his man whenever he liked. The gallery cheered for Mike.

Mike tried his best in the thirteenth, and it was his round. The foxy Gans was still resting, and never once tried to cut loose. He showed he was still there, however, by landing a terrific right to the jaw just at the gong.

Gans decided that the fight had gone far enough in the fourteenth and simply made a target of the Twin. The latter fought back, but his power for injury was almost nil. Gans simply made a chopping block of his man, every punch having power in it.

There was a deal of grappling at the start of the fifteenth. After the break Gans sent Sullivan to the floor with a hard right cross on the chin. As Sullivan backed

to the ropes Gans went at him with both hands, landing on neck and jaw. A left and right landed almost together and Mike fell on his back, his head striking the carpet. On the rebound his head rested against the lower ropes. He lay there stretched out until after the limit of time had expired. When Timekeeper Harting yelled "Out," Referee Welch slapped Gans on the shoulder. Then Sullivan was lifted up and carried to his corner.

## WILLIE HOSEY WON.

Over a thousand lovers of boxing attended a private battle between Willie Hosey and Jig Stone at Albany, N. Y., on Jan. 17. Hosey has many admirers in that section of the State and was a favorite in the betting. The boys were scheduled to meet for twenty rounds, at 133 pounds, weigh in at 3 P. M. Straight rules prevailed, which gave the up-State man the best of the going all through the contest. At the start Stone sailed in with



JACK NELSON.

Known as "The Butcher Boy," and He is  
Ready to Meet All Comers at 135 pounds.

a left to Hosey's stomach, but the Albany boy came back with a right to the head. Both clinched and roughed it all over the ring. Hosey doing the better work at close quarters.

Stone held back for the first four rounds Hosey doing all the leading and forcing. Hosey played a merry tattoo on Stone's kidneys and body and had the Boston boy holding on time and time again to avoid the wallop.

On top of his man all the time, the Albany boy out-

boxed and outpointed Stone all through the bout. Not until the tenth round did Stone undo himself, and when he did he aimed right and left hooks and swings to the jaw any one of which had they landed would have brought home the big end of the money.

Hosey was wise to his long suit and managed by good foot work to get inside of most of Stone's swings and then crossed his right and left to the jaw. Hosey jabbed his man to the face from the tenth round till the finish but could not land home his wicked right, so cleverly did Stone block. In the twelfth round, Hosey landed a hard left to the face and crossed a hard right to Stone's jaw that almost dropped his man. Stone came back for more, stalled and got under Hosey's right and did the hug act.

## FATAL BOXING BOUT.

The first fatality since the three-round bouts have started in New York City, occurred at the McFadden A. C., on Jan. 18.

Nathan Rosenberg was the victim, and the fatal blow was delivered by Kid Sis.

Almost the first blow of the bout was a powerful right hand swing which struck Rosenberg directly over the heart. His knees wobbled, he tottered an instant with both hands over his heart and then fell to the floor like a log.

Jack Hastings, a prize fighter, who acted as referee, thought it was simply a knockout and called up Jack Davis and Murphy for the fourth bout of the evening. After a round had been fought, Rosenberg's seconds became alarmed and notified Hastings that they could not bring their man to. There was a doctor in the crowd of 300 spectators, and he was called forward and pronounced the boxer dead.

The referee and others connected with the club were arrested.

## ATELL BOXED TWO.

Abe Attell plunged into the three-round bouts with a big splash in New York, on Jan. 17, when he met two men in one night at different clubs.

His first appearance was with Ralph Linder at the Olympic A. C.

Linder rarely landed a blow and became so annoyed by Attell's long left jabs to the jaw that he acted like a man possessed and chased the grinning champion around the ring.

In the third round Linder was saved from a knockout by the bell. In this round the boys mixed it up in a most lively fashion. Attell here was the aggressor and patted and jabbed away at almost any part of his opponent's anatomy he pleased.

He then hurried to the Consolidated A. C., and crossed arms with Tony Bender, a good bantam from New Jersey.

Bender is a very clever and strong boxer, and he made a good showing. He did not seem, however, to be able to get out of the way of Attell's long left jabs and took a good deal of punishment from this source. He landed on Abe more than Linder did, but his blows were generally of the glancing order and did no harm.

## GOODWIN HELD HIS OWN.

Abe Attell and Chester Goodwin, New England featherweight champion, fought fifteen rounds at Chelsea, Mass., on Jan. 18, and at the end of the battle Referee Maffitt Flaherty ordered a draw. Attell outpointed the Boston boy, but Goodwin's forcing and willingness gave him the even break. The decision was popular.

Goodwin was so awkward that he puzzled Attell at times. Goodwin was the harder biter, and Attell had great respect for his long left. Neither man was much punished, for both were adepts at blocking. In the sixth Goodwin missed a wild right swing, and Attell closed in quickly, caught him off his balance, and punished him severely.

Goodwin did not get his strength back until the end of the eighth. It was even going in the ninth and tenth. Attell had all the best of the eleventh. In the twelfth Goodwin made a whirlwind rally, and had Attell weakening and hanging on. The last three rounds were fairly even.

## ERNE WAS TOO CLEVER.

Maurice Sayres, of Milwaukee, and Young Erne, of Philadelphia, were the stars in the windup at the Washington Sporting Club, in the Quaker City, on Jan. 18. Erne was entitled to the verdict. At times the bout was very fierce and the mixups were frequent. Sayres' eyes were in mourning at the finish, but Erne did not escape punishment, and both men showed that they had been in a hard engagement.

Johnny Carroll, of New York, defeated Jack McKenzie, and Jack Lowery, of New York, was beaten by Jack Riordan, although Lowery claimed that he had broken his hand in the second round.

A preliminary between Jimmy Moran and Jimmy Devine was the most exciting bout of the evening. In the second Moran dropped Devine and looked like a winner until the end of the round, when Devine dropped him with a clean left-handed swing. While Moran was still on the floor the bell rang, saving him for the time being.

Moran came up strong for the third round, and started in to rush things. When it comes down to swapping punch for punch Devine is a pretty tough proposition, and before the round was half spent he caught Moran with a short right hander on the jaw, and down he went for the count and several seconds over.

## GARDNER STILL WINNING.

Leo Craig, a clever welterweight from Chicago, was walloped into dreamland in the ninth round by Gus Gardner, of Philadelphia, in their match before the Washington A. C., at Buffalo, N. Y., on Jan. 18. The fight was the fastest witnessed there between welters since the days of the Horton law. Craig was like a streak of chain lightning in the opening rounds. He jabbed and outpointed Gardner like a champion against a novice.

With grim determination Gardner kept fighting his man all the time, devoting his whole attention to Craig's body. Toward the end of the seventh round Craig began to weaken. He had hard work stalling through the eighth. In the ninth the Chicago boy was battling gamely but hopelessly in his own corner when Gardner walloped him with a wicked-looking left smash to the jaw. Craig was out for ten minutes. More than 600 saw the mill. The Quaker City fighter was the favorite.

## CHALLENGES

[The challenge editor will be pleased to publish all legitimate challenges in all sports, such as boxing, wrestling, skating, bowling, swimming, bicycling, walking, running, jumping, etc., etc.]

Harry Lewis, who boxes at 133 pounds, challenges anyone who can make the weight.

Jack Farres, of Iron River, Wis., issues a challenge to any 158-pound boxer in the business.

After having a long rest of six months, Joe Mace is in great shape, and wishes to meet any light-



JOHN HENEHAN.

A Leading Sporting Man of Jacksonville, Ill., whose well-stocked Cigar and News Store at 211 W. State Street, is liberally patronized.

weight in the business, Billy Willis, Unk Russell or Harry Lewis.—Harry Phillips, Manager for Joe Mace.

Jack Dorman will take on any man in his class.—T. D., 1015 East 165th street, New York City.

Al Morrissey, of New Haven, Conn., challenges any boy in the East to meet him in a 100 or 200 yards dash.

Jack Nelson, the Butcher Boy, of 330 East Forty-second street, New York, will meet all comers at 135 pounds.

A. E. Cole, of Somersworth, N. H., will match James Pepper against any 160-pound amateur in New England.

Young Ferrara, of 2 Flushing Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., would like to meet any in the grappling game at 110 pounds.

Martin Gleason, a 105-pound boxer, of 1203 Poland avenue, Youngstown, Ohio, is looking for trouble for any number of rounds.

Billy Simms, whose address is care of E. K. Thumm, 1400 Wylie avenue, Pittsburg, Pa., will match Jack Bruce against any 130-pound boxer in the East.

E. Boquet writes to the "Police Gazette" that he is ready to meet Will George of the Diamond A. C. of Newark, N. J., to wrestle at 95 pounds for a side bet.

J. H. Mills, of Casper, Wyo., will match Jimmy Martin against any man of his weight in the country. In his last five battles Martin has won with a knockout.

Kid Lowe, of Washington, would like to meet any 105-pound boxer in the world, Johnny Smith, Benny Riely, Young Jack Munroe or Kid Murphy, of New York, preferred.

Walter Holt, of Baltimore, Md., would like to meet Jim Kelly, of Columbus, South Carolina, at 100 pounds for any number of rounds, and can be addressed in care of the Chesapeake A. C., at Baltimore.

Fred Marks, the champion wrestler of Germany, has arrived in this country. He is after a match with either Tom Jenkins or Fred Beel. One of Marks' star performances was an hour's draw with Hackenschmidt.

Dan McLeod, the Scotch wrestler, and a worthy opponent for anyone in the heavyweight division, wants a crack at Fred Beel, of Wisconsin. Dan wants the match to be to a finish, catch-as-catch-can style.

Jimmy the Greek, a 150-pound boxer, is after a match with any of the New England mitt artists for any number of rounds, and he can be addressed in care of A. Cole, 51 Washington street, Somersworth, N. H.

James B. Stoner, Sergeant Co. F, 27th Infantry, and Librarian, Fort Sheridan, Ill., sends the portrait of a man for whom he claims the title of heavyweight (boxer, evidently) champion of the army, who will defend his title against all comers.

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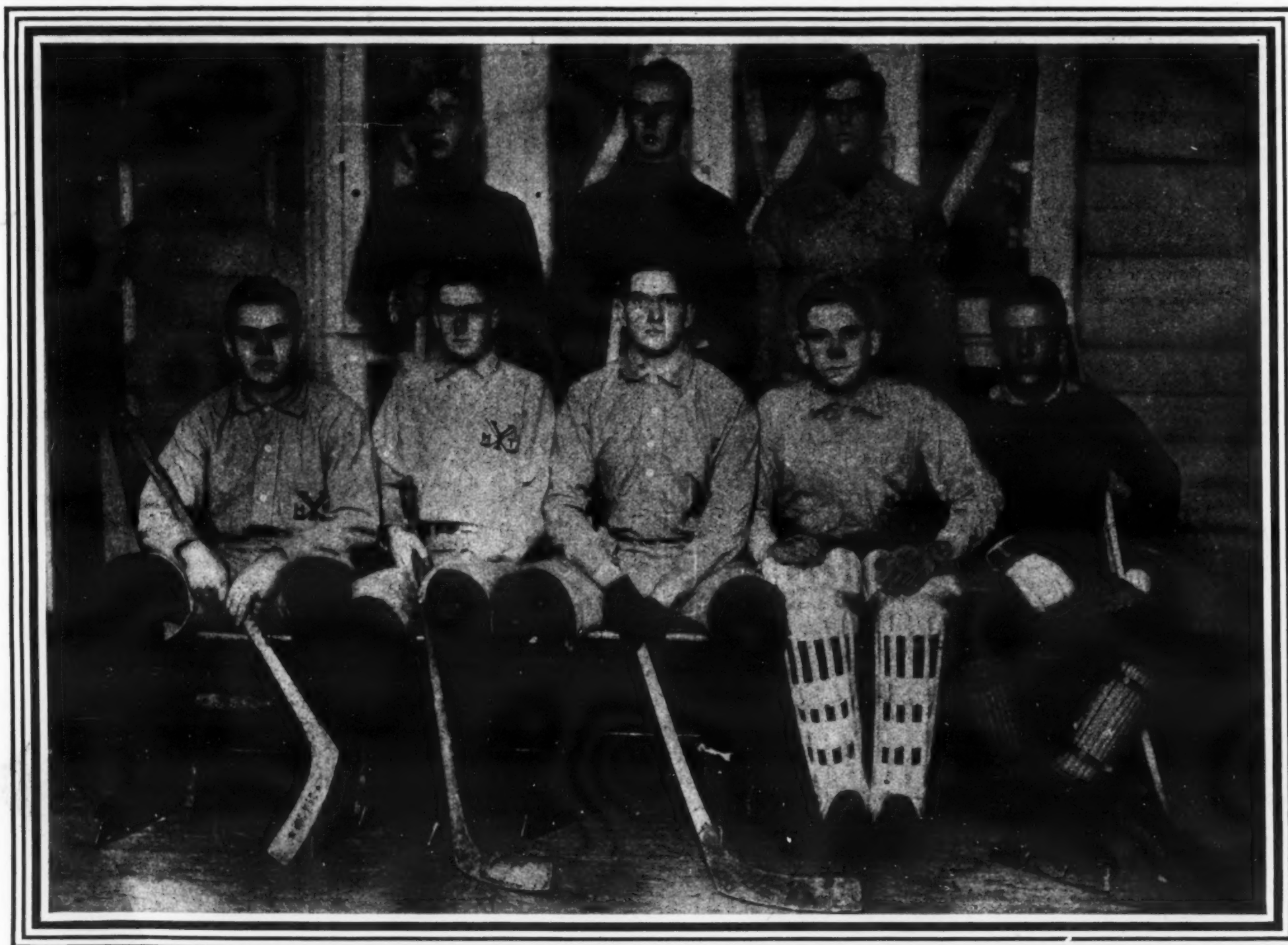




*Photo by Waldon Fawcett: Washington, D. C.*

WHERE THE SEALSKIN COATS COME FROM.

A PARTY OF HUNTERS, HAVING CORRALLED A HERD OF SEALS ON THE ALASKA COAST, ARE HARD AT WORK KILLING THEIR QUARRY WITH CLUBS.



HOCKEY EXPERTS OF YALE.

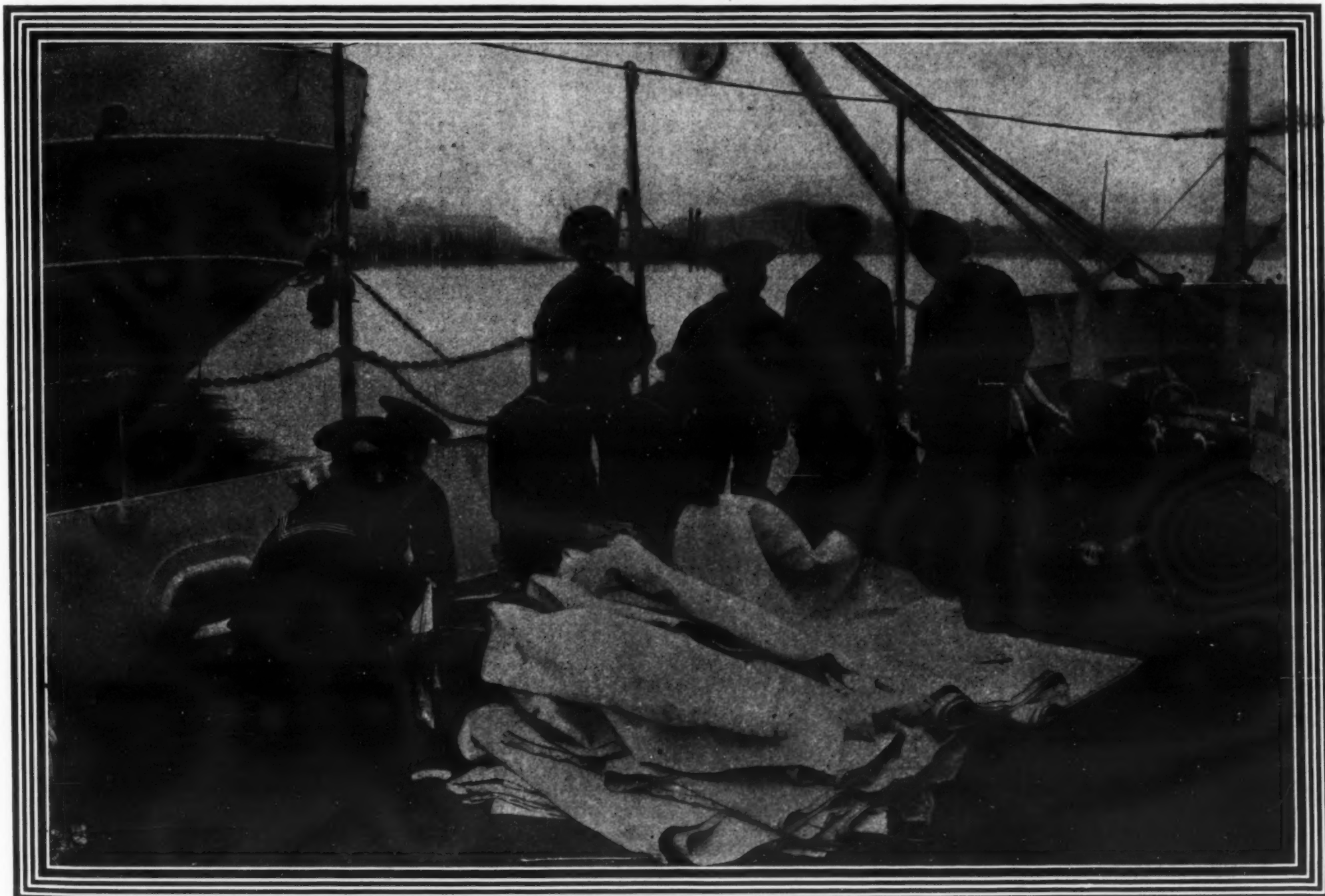
GROUP OF SPEEDY UNIVERSITY SKATERS WHO HOPE TO FINISH THE SEASON WITH A CREDITABLE STRING OF VICTORIES AT THIS POPULAR WINTER PASTIME.





ARMY TENT-RAISING CONTEST.

UNITED STATES REGULARS IN COMPETITION AT WASHINGTON, D. C., SHOWING WHAT THEY CAN DO IN THE WAY OF PREPARING A SHELTER FOR THEMSELVES IN A HURRY.



*Photos by Waldon Fawcett: Washington D. C.*

SAILMAKERS AT WORK.

EXPERT JACK TARS WHO CAN USE THE NEEDLE VERY HANDILY MAKING SAILS ON BOARD THE UNITED STATES COAST DEFENCE VESSEL ARKANSAS.



# HERRERA LOOMS UP AS

—AMBITIOUS ASPIRANTS HIS STEPPING STONES TO SUCCESS—

## LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPION

Death of a Novice Urges the Authorities to Inquire Into the New York Clubs Run by Irresponsible Managers.

M'GOVERN'S CHANCE SPOILED BY CORBETT'S DEFEAT

Fitzsimmons Tells How it Happened—Small Talk in the Boxing World—Jimmy Walsh Claims a Title—O'Brien Says He Will Fight Ryan.

Aurelio Herrera is the man with whom the aspirants for lightweight honors will ere long have to reckon; this is what Battling Nelson believes, too, for when he learned the result of the fight between Young Corbett and Herrera, in which the former was knocked



JACK BRUCE.

He hails from Pittsburg, and claims to be the 130-pound Boxing Champion of Pennsylvania.

out in the fifth round at Los Angeles, the Dane said that he was not surprised in the slightest degree, as Herrera, in his opinion, is the most dangerous man in the lightweight class to-day. Nelson declared that the Mexican had the swiftest right hand wallop he had ever seen and that when they met, this blow made the Dane take the count. Nelson also said that Herrera possessed a puzzling defence, in that he crouched all the time, with elbows over the body and gloves over the face, yet always quick to find and take advantage of openings. Nelson incidentally stated that he never thought much of Corbett, and that Jimmy Britt should tackle Herrera before talking about another mill with the Battler.

The sporting fraternity had a pretty fair line on Young Corbett's condition for the Herrera mill, as the Denver lad carried very little smart money. Corbett had to take off too much flesh in making the weight and lacked his former strength and speed. At least that is the chief reason ascribed by California ring experts for his latest defeat.

After analysing the details of the fight in which Aurelio Herrera, the Mexican, put Young Corbett out in the fifth round, the consensus of opinion is that the result of the battle settles Corbett's aspirations as a fighter for good and all. The fight proved that, while the erstwhile conqueror of McGovern retains his skill as a boxer, he is quite lacking in the stamina needed to stand up through twenty rounds with the top notchers.

In the fifth round Herrera landed a heavy right to Corbett's jaw, which downed him. Corbett jumped up, and was sent down again with another full arm swing to the same place. This blow was sufficient to give an ordinary man his quietus; but not so Corbett, who again staggered to his feet, and the Mexican put right and left to Corbett's head and face and the champion was knocked out. Corbett was fairly beaten, and after the fight made a statement that the proverbial "lucky punch" had robbed him of victory and that he wanted another chance at the Mexican.

Herrera said that at no time did Corbett hurt him. "I always had it on him, and I think he quit," was the Bakersfield boy's version of the affair. "Corbett tried to get me rattled by calling me names and telling me that I was a quitter. I guess people know who was a quitter now."

Herrera, by defeating Corbett, steps up a round on the pugilistic ladder. His victory entitles him to a fight with Kid Herman, and should he defeat the Chicago boy he will be line for a battle with Britt or Nelson. Herrera's battle with Herman is assured for the latter

has posted forfeit to ensure a match, with the manager of the Pacific A. C., under whose auspices the battle is scheduled, and has been informed the date of the battle has been set for Feb. 9. Britt probably would be a better drawing card than the Mexican, but as Herrera was promised a match with Herman should he win over Corbett, it would not be right to sidetrack him. A victory over Herrera would bring the Kid in line for a battle with Britt, and should he beat him, Nelson naturally would be his next opponent.

The boxing club game in New York is being overdone; this is evidenced by the number of new organizations which have sprung into existence during the past few weeks and the accounts of bouts held every night which appear in the papers the following day. The bouts are principally of an unimportant character, but they furnish amusement for thousands of fight lovers who revel in seeing a fight, regardless of the ability of the contestants; but too many of these clubs are causing some alarm among lovers of the fist game who do not care to see the thing overdone. If the clubs now operating under the "membership plan" should be restricted to genuine athletic organizations with well equipped gymnasiums and a plant especially adapted to the sport of boxing, it is believed that no interference on the part of the authorities would be necessary; but when promoters lease old churches, riding academies and summer gardens in which to hold three-round fights, the fear becomes prevalent that the game will not last long. There is even a rumor that a "boxing trust" is about to get its clutches on several of the clubs, with the idea of making the scheme a money getter, which if true, is a decidedly shortsighted policy, to say the least.

An unfortunate accident the other night which deprived an inexperienced boxer of his life will probably put an end shortly to the three-round bout game in New York. An official inquiry into the causes which led to the lad's death brought into prominence the fact that, barring a few of these so-called clubs, the fly-by-night promoters of three-round bouts permit almost any young man who thinks he can fight to enter the ring without first submitting to a physical examination; so many mushroom organizations are doing business in the boxing line just now that lovers of the sport believe that it should be regulated to a certain degree, with the idea of preventing further fatalities. When the Horton law was in effect the number of clubs was restricted, and no boxer was allowed to take part in a bout without first undergoing a thorough examination at the hands of a competent physician. There is nothing more dangerous to life and limb than to permit an untrained novice to indulge in a slugging match with an opponent of experience. Nearly all of the fatal ring accidents have been due to this cause, yet club managers continue to ignore a practice that would serve as a preventive of serious harm.

While several of the more prominent boxing clubs that are flourishing here just now are skillfully managed, a majority are run by irresponsible persons who care nothing for the welfare of the sport so long as the "membership fees" are collected at the doors. It is impossible to prevent the existence of these smaller clubs unless there is a general shutdown on all organizations, which, judging from the enthusiastic patronage they are receiving, would be a rather unpopular move. If the police should receive instructions not to allow a boxer to indulge in a contest without a physician's certificate as to his soundness, there is no doubt that the game could go along without accidents, which in time will bring about a cessation of hostilities in all parts of the city.

Nobody felt Young Corbett's defeat more keenly than Terry McGovern, who has lived for two years in the hope that an opportunity would eventually come to give him back the laurels which the young Denverite deprived him of. He was all "ribbed up," as they say, to enjoy a triumph when Corbett's finish came when Herrera, the Mexican, reached him with his powerful right, and Terry's chance practically slipped through his fingers. How Young Corbett came out of obscurity and copped Terry right in all his glory is a matter of ancient pugilistic history. How Terry, vainly struggling to get back again stacked up against Corbett to a similar issue is history not quite so ancient. During the last two years, however, Terry has been apparently holding his own, while Corbett has retrograded to such an extent that it now seems more than probable that, had McGovern been Corbett's opponent instead of Herrera, the result would have been the same—the pugilistic interment of Terry's old foe.

And how McGovern realized the situation and strove to be in at the death! Of the many causes which combined to take his vengeance from him, disinclination for battle on his part was certainly not one. But Joe Humphreys, Terry's manager, got to fiddling about for a Nelson match and all of Terry's ire against Corbett was smothered. It is doubtful if Terry ever gets his chance now. Still, Corbett needs the money and Terry would be just as ready to fight, so stranger things have happened than such a match even now.

Bob Fitzsimmons' return to the Metropolis was an event of more than passing interest to the

sporting contingent who were anxious to hear the fighter's own theory about the recent big fight and the causes which led to his defeat. Of course, Bob was willing, in fact, quite eager to explain the matter, and gave the following brief version of it:

"I was beaten fairly, and I have no excuses to offer. But I want to say that if we had fought straight Queensberry rules I might have had a chance. That was the understanding when we got in the ring, but a moment before the gong rang it was announced that we would break clean and that there would be no hitting in the clinches. This was a surprise to me, but I had no time to protest, so I went on with the mill, although I knew I would be handicapped.

"The first time we came together O'Brien tapped me with his left, which brought a hard clinch. As I drew back my right to hit him in the stomach, Referee Graney grabbed me by the arm and said 'Break clean.' That settled it, and I knew I was up against it. O'Brien did not hurt me with his blows, though he blacked both of my eyes and also knocked me down three times when he caught me off my balance. He sprinted all the time and I had to chase him all over the ring in every round.

"I was strong and well in the thirteenth round and had all the better of it. When I went to my corner I was sure I would win, but suddenly I felt my heart stop beating and I fell over in a faint. Then Graney gave the fight to O'Brien, and he did right, as I was all in.

"O'Brien is a good fighter, but he doesn't begin to class with Jeffries. I am going to do no more fighting, for there is nothing in it for me. I got \$2,300 as my share of the O'Brien mill, which wasn't enough to soothe my feelings. Mrs. Fitz and I may go into vaudeville now, but no more plays for me. Later I may start a health training farm up in the country."

The Cornishman looks well. He has taken on flesh and weighs close to 185 pounds.

The title of bantam champion of the world is now claimed by Jimmy Walsh, of Boston, but before the short haired fraternity will agree with him he must score a victory over Owen Moran, the English bantam, who is coming over here soon with Charley Mitchell. Walsh has defeated Digger Stanley, also of Britain, and for that reason he believes he outclasses Moran. But as Moran will visit America proclaiming that he is the real bantam champion, Walsh will have to fight him or cease using the title. The Bostonian is clever, fast, game and a puncher of rare ability. One of his chief admirers is Teddy Roosevelt, Jr., who has seen him perform in the ring at a club in Chelsea.

Philadelphia Jack O'Brien is again talking fight, and now says he will give Tommy Ryan a chance to fight for the middleweight championship about the first of April. O'Brien says he will dispose of Ryan first and then take on Marvin Hart for the heavy-weight title, these two battles being the only ones he will engage in this year. If O'Brien speaks by the card, Gus Ruhlin will have to wait another year before he can secure a match with the crafty Philadelphian. Ryan has been talking incessantly about a fight with O'Brien ever since the latter defeated Fitzsimmons, so that if the Syracuse pugilist is sincere he can clinch matters now by putting up a forfeit.

Pugilists and jockeys seem to look upon New York as a fruitful spot for their endeavors when they find it convenient or necessary to retire from those occupations which first brought them into the glare of the public eye. With Danny Maher a hotel proprietor and Tod Sloane the part owner of a billiard room, comes the announcement that James Britt and Young Corbett are coming to the big city to open rival saloons. Corbett says he will never enter the ring again, while Britt, unless he can get a fight with the winner of the Herman-Herrera mill, will probably remain inactive for some time to come.

Again there is a general disposition to concede that 122 pounds is the proper featherweight limit. Until very recently McGovern, Young Corbett, Britt, Nelson and other men in their class were calling themselves featherweights, even though it was difficult for any of them to get under 128 pounds. But that is all past now, as Corbett and Herrera met at 133 pounds, the regular lightweight limit. Nelson styles himself the "lightweight champion of the world," although Gans has never been defeated for this title. But on present form Nelson would probably be an overwhelming favorite if he should enter the ring with Gans at the lightweight limit. According to rules McGovern never lost the featherweight championship, which he won from Dixon, as Corbett and Terry fought at 128 instead of 122. But as McGovern could not make the featherweight limit now, the title goes by default to Abe Attell, the best of the feathers before the public at present.

Jimmy Britt has gone back to California, naturally very sore over his inability to bring Nelson to terms for another battle. He considers the reasons given by the latter and his manager about the money he is alleged to owe them from the proceeds of the fight pictures as only an excuse for evading the big issue.

"There is absolutely no sense in Nelson going around the country claiming I owe him money," he said. "That deal is one between him and Jimmy Coffroth, and I am not concerned in it at all. Nolan claims that I have agreed to make good the money that Coffroth held out on him, but that is not true. I merely signed an agreement that I would use my influence to right the matter. I did that because I want to get another chance at Nelson, and intend to get it.

"I am a fighter, pure and simple, and want to fight. I am going back home now and will immediately start training for a couple of bouts, one to take place in February and the other in March. I do not know whom I will meet, but it will probably be the winner of the Herman-Herrera fight and Willie Fitzgerald.

"After a while the public will insist that Nelson meet me again, and I will beat him as surely as I stand here. He was mighty lucky to get away with it the last time, and he knows it. That's why he doesn't want to meet me again. That money matter is now being fought out in the courts and I have nothing whatever to do with it."

Philadelphia Jack O'Brien admitted in conversation the other night that all his fights have not been quite the easy things they looked to be—on paper, and several of the victories accredited to him were gained after it looked to be all over for him. His narrowest escape was against Charley McKeever in 1902. They had been enemies for a long time and the fight was for blood. Half a minute after the first round began McKeever crossed his right to the jaw and O'Brien fell heavily. He managed to get to his feet at

the count of nine, and by hugging and clinching stalled his antagonist off until the bell rang. He was very weak after that, but slowly improved as the fight progressed and was going at a fair gait at the end. O'Brien had another tight thing of it with Marvin Hart. The latter, when the match was made, agreed to weigh 180 pounds or forfeit \$500. When it came time to scale Hart was seven pounds over weight, but he offered to fight for nothing if O'Brien would not claim forfeit. Hart was severely cut up until the sixth and last round, when he came within an ace of knocking the Quaker clean out, O'Brien saving himself by the usual hugging tactics until the gong sounded. O'Brien's lucky star, coupled with his natural shrewdness, has finally placed him at the top of the heap, and it is safe to say that he will not run any chances of losing his grip until he has been forced to the wall.

Detroit, Mich., is swelling itself on the possible fact that it may be the bidding place of a champion of the world. Yet it's not so very impossible after all for Tommy Burns, who will always be known in Detroit as Noah Brusso—his right name, too, by the way—is going to fight Marvin Hart, Feb. 23d, at Los Angeles, and Marvin isn't anything awful, you know, writes Paul Bruske in the Detroit Times. In fact had it not been for his bout with Twin Sullivan, in which he was outboxed and outfought, Brusso's chances would look pretty fair, at that.

Brusso, as champion of the world, would bring a distinct shock to the sporting world in general, of course; it would be another sad commentary on the dearth of real heavyweights since Jeffries retired and all that, but most of all, it would be a solar plexus punch to a coterie of Detroiters who have insisted on refusing to take the French-Canadian seriously ever since he started fighting round Detroit.

When Brusso first made his appearance in Detroit it was as a welterweight. He asked to get on and the proprietor of the saloon in which he was acting as porter, got him a match with somebody from up-State. Brusso knocked him out in jig time. A couple of more fights in which the Detroitier was entered terminated similarly in his favor. Then the managers of the other fighting stables set about getting Brusso licked. They brought Mike Schreck in, and Mike puzzled the Detroitier some, but didn't hurt him. They imported one O'Brien from Boston, and Noah cut his face to shreds and splashed his gore all over Delray. They sent to Buffalo and brought up Ben O'Grady. The horrible right fist of Brusso rested heavily on O'Grady's jaw and he was through. They finally brought in Hugo Kelly, coached by Tommy Ryan, and touted a champion, and Brusso emerged triumphantly with a draw, to lick him a few weeks later elsewhere. Of late he has been fighting out on the Coast, and doing so well that 'Frisco sporting men believe Marvin will have his work cut out for him when he meets the dago with the Irish patronymic.

SAM C. AUSTIN.

### JEANETTE FOUGHT WELL.

Jack Johnson, the colored heavyweight, met Joe Jeanette, a middleweight, before the Sharkey A. C., New York, in a fast three-round argument, on Jan. 18. Johnson weighed fully thirty pounds more than Jeanette, and was more than a head taller. With this handicap Jeanette surprised the spectators with his good showing.

In the first two rounds honors were even. Jeanette



HARRY LEWIS.

A Philadelphia Boxer who Challenges any Mit Artist to Meet Him at 133 pounds.

was the aggressor, and landed many stiff jabs in Johnson's face, and also banged him hard in the body. Johnson had a shade the best of the third round and succeeded in landing several hard ones on Jean's jaw.

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Information to Settle Various Wagers.

C. A. M.—Better see a surgeon.  
E. A. S., Pittsburgh.—Morning would be better.  
A. O. D., Atlanta.—You are too heavy to begin.  
H. R. R.—Oscar Matthew Battling Nelson is his full name.  
A. L. K., Denver.—Any person born in the United States is a native citizen.  
W. F. McK., Brooklyn.—Election bets have all been paid on McClellan.  
O. C. D., Greencastle, Ind.—The superintendent of any race track can place him.  
Reader, Lawrenceburg.—Is there any national holiday in this country? ... No.  
W. G., Benton Harbor, Mich.—What is Kid Goodman's address? ... Boston, Mass.  
C. L. B., Las Vegas, N. M.—They refer to his bouts in meeting all comers on the road.  
J. H., Choteau, Mont.—Give me the age of Bob Fitzsimmons? ... Born June 4, 1862.  
J. A. M., Oklahoma City, O. T.—Barber's Journal, St. James Building, New York City.  
T. O'C., Kendall, Wis.—All in the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for six two-cent stamps.  
J. D. S., White Horse, Yukon.—What is Bob Fitzsimmons' correct age? ... Born June 4, 1862.  
Reader, S. Framingham, Mass.—It is not of any round, but the intermission between rounds.  
W. H. M., Valley City, N. D.—What was Tom Sharkey's fighting weight? ... About 190 pounds.  
A. B., Philadelphia.—Attila lives in New York, is married and has children. Is a German by birth.  
C. A. S., Grand Forks.—1. They only fought twice each won a battle. 2. They never fought a draw.  
H. G., New Ulm, Minn.—Let me know if Fitzsimmons was knocked out? ... Not by Jack O'Brien.  
A. J. McM., New Mills, N. B.—What weight gloves, in ounces do the heavyweights box with? ... 5 ounce.  
P. G. W., Cleveland, Oklahoma.—Who is the most stylish dresser in pugilistic circles? ... Florrie Barnett.  
J. S., St. Louis.—See "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for Nelson's full record: six two-cent stamps.  
L. C. H., Walla Walla, Wash.—Which is high, shaking dice; rattle dazle; aces or sixes? ... Sixes high.  
L. F. C., Lehigh, W. Va.—Write to the Trow Directory Co., Third Avenue and Eleventh Street, New York City.  
C. H., Slaton, Pa.—What is the featherweight and lightweight limit in boxing? ... 122 and 133 pounds respectively.  
G. P. G., Brooklyn.—Can you tell me where is the best place in Brooklyn to learn wrestling, boxing, etc.? ... Try the National A. C., 11 Cedar street, Brooklyn.

M. O. McN., Alexandria, Ind.—Shooting dice; who has the percentage of the game, the fader or the shooter? ... Fader.  
Reader, Monmouth, Ill.—Which is the most scientific boxer, Young Corbett or Jimmy Britt? ... Britt in our opinion.  
C. S. R., Clayton.—A bet B that O'Brien would knock Fitzsimmons out; who wins the money? ... He was not knocked out.  
F. S., North Manchester, Ind.—According to the referee's decision there was "no fight," and consequently bets were off.  
Reader, Brooklyn.—Send six two-cent stamps for the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual," contains both men's complete records.  
J. N., Brooklyn.—Who won the fight between Young Griffo and Horace Leeds, at Coney Island? ... Griffo won in 12 rounds.  
A. L., Miners Mills, Pa.—Was there ever a man that could turn a double flip, front or backwards? ... From the ground? No.  
L. F. C., Lehigh, W. Va.—In your opinion who is champion heavy weight pugilist to-day, leaving Jeffries off? ... The title is void.  
T. J. S., Springfield, Mass.—A bet Jack O'Brien won his recent fight with Fitz by a knockout; B bets he didn't? ... B wins; he did not.  
R. J. S., Billings, Mont.—Who is the wealthiest pugilist in the world? ... Either Tom Sharkey, Charley Mitchell or Jack O'Brien.  
J. O., Philadelphia.—What is the address of Jack McAuliffe? ... Care of J. Wakeley, Forty-second street and Sixth Avenue, New York City.  
J. H., Cincinnati.—From whom can I obtain information which will enable me to melt and cement celluloid? ... This is a sporting paper.  
H. C., Brooklyn.—In your issue of Jan. 6, there is a photo of Nellie Harvey, could you send me her address? ... Care of New York Clipper.  
G. A. H., Leavenworth, Wash.—Give me the date of the Fitzsimmons-Corbett fight in Carson City, Nev.; was it not March 17th, 1897? ... Yes.  
W. E., Ft. Duchesne, Utah.—What is the exact wealth of John D. Rockefeller, Sr.? ... Not even he himself knows. Pretty close to a billion dollars.  
S. R. T., Cleveland.—When did the death occur of the first and original W. F. Cody, Buffalo Bill? ... He is not dead. The writer was talking to him only recently at the Hoffman House, New York City.  
W. S. J., Kansas City.—In whose possession is the POLICE GAZETTE diamond belt now? Who has had it since Kilrain? Did Mace hold the trophy as champion of the world? He was never defeated for the title.

I believe; am I right in this? ... I. It is in the possession of Richard K. Fox. 2. It was not in competition during Mace's time. 3. He never was.  
W. C. H., Keepville, Pa.—Does O'Brien receive credit for a knockout in either the 13th or 14th round in his fight with Fitzsimmons? ... He does not.  
R. L. J., Marion, Ind.—How old is Bob Fitzsimmons? How many rounds did the Corbett-Jackson fight last? ... 1. About 43 years. 2. 61 rounds.  
J. M. C., Leavenworth, Wash.—Are there any statistics published showing the number of prize fights for the year and the principals and betting on same?



BILLY SIMMS.

A Well-known Sporting Man, Ball Player  
and Pugilistic Promoter of Pittsburgh, Pa.

...No. The "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" contains much of what you ask for however. Send six two-cent stamps to this office.  
J. A. H., Holliday, Mo.—POLICE GAZETTE, New York; Morning Telegraph, New York; Turf, Field and Farm, New York; American Sportsman, Chicago.  
W. W. W., Skagway, Alaska.—Give me the age of John D. Rockefeller, and the age of Kauffman, the heavy weight fighter? ... 1. About 62. 2. About 21.  
J. W., Monongah, W. Va.—In a game of draw poker; A holds ace, deuce, trey, four and five of hearts; B holds four, five, six, seven and eight of spades; which hand wins? ... B's hand is highest and he wins.  
H. F. L., Muscatine, Ia.—There were six in poker game and hands were all dealt and discards made; dealer dealt the draw to first two and the next man wanted dealer to discard two cards and deal him three

cards. Has a player the right to discard any number of cards or change the run of the cards? Has not a player sitting to left of third hand a right to object to a change of the run in the cards? ... 1. No. 2. Certainly.  
J. R., Genoa.—Who is champion catch-as-catch-can wrestler of America? Who is champion Greco-Roman wrestler of America? ... 1. Tom Jenkins. 2. Ernest Roeber.

Subscriber, Kent, O.—Have you any photographs of Battling Nelson and Willie Fitzgerald? ... Write to Sommer's Studio, 210 North Eighth street Philadelphia, Pa.

J. N., Marion.—What is the best route to take in making a pit terrier bull pup, five months old, vicious; want to make man-eater out of him? ... Let him play with the baby.

J. H. C., Warwick, N. Y.—What was the decision of the Corbett and Jackson fight, the number of rounds, and the time? ... 1. No contest. 2. Sixty-one. 3. Queensberry rules.

W. E. G., Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.—Tell me in what round John L. Sullivan was sick or vomited, in his fight with Jake Kilrain at Mississippi? ... About the thirty-eighth round.

J. P. S., Milwaukee.—Is Marvin Hart the heavy-weight champion and Philadelphia Jack O'Brien the light heavy-weight champion? ... Hart is not. O'Brien holds the last named title.

M. K., Barberton, O.—If a foreigner came to this country and became an American citizen and had children here would they be called foreigners or Americans? ... American citizens.

C. W. S., Syracuse.—Was John L. Sullivan knocked down during a sparring bout or ring fight before his defeat by Jim Corbett? ... Yes, by Charley Mitchell, when he fought Sullivan, in 1893.

O. M. T., El Paso.—What was Kid Lavigne's fighting weight? What was his weight when he fought Joe Walcott, second fight? Did he ever fight at 122 pounds? ... 1. At 133 pounds. 2. 135 pounds. 3. No.

J. F. H., Civic Club.—Give me the date of the Walcott-Lavigne fight, at Maspeth, L. I., and also the date of the Maher-O'Donnell fight, which Maher won in the first round? ... 1. Dec. 2, 1895. 2. Dec. 25, 1896.

T. F., Chicago.—Is Fred Gilmore the lightweight champion? Is Tom O'Connor the featherweight champion of the Central Association of the Amateur Athletic Union? ... 1. No. 2. No record of their boxing championship tourney.

G. S., Mountain Lake.—A. Band C playing draw poker, A is dealing; B opens the jack pot and C stays; B calls for three cards, one of which turned face up; C says B is forced to take card which is turned face up; B says not; who is right? ... B is right.

N. B., Minneapolis.—There was no recognized champion of the world when Sullivan and Corbett fought, and they contested for the title of American champion, which Corbett won. Fitz won the title of world's champion in an international fight with Corbett involving that title.

E. B., Brooklyn, O.—A man bet me that James J. Corbett and Peter Jackson, the colored heavyweight, never fought? If they did where at? Who won? How many rounds? What date? ... 1. San Francisco, Cal. 2. Referee declared it "no contest." 3. Sixty-one rounds. 4. March 21, 1891.

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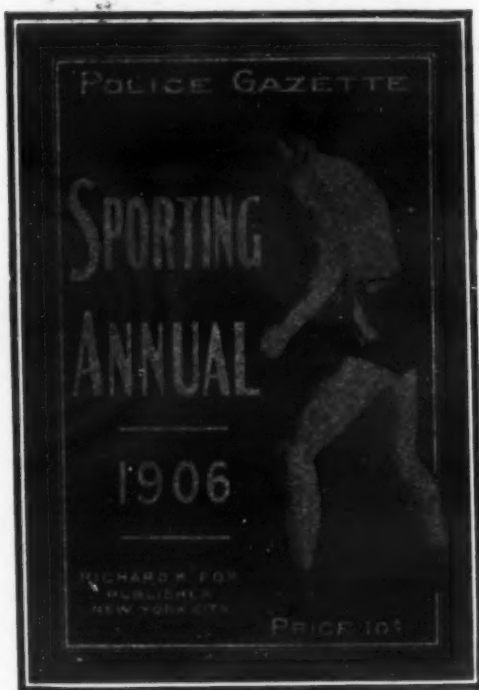
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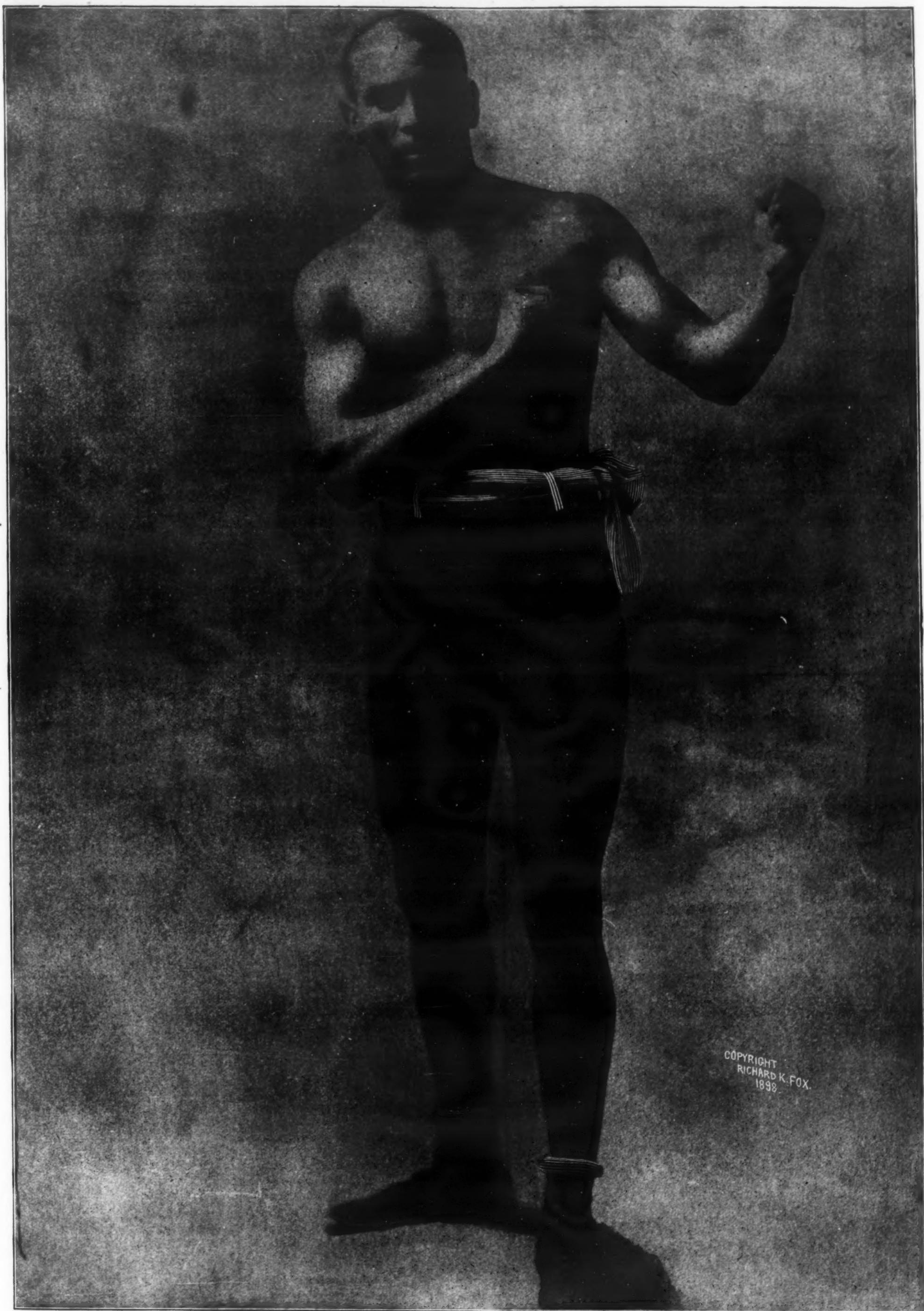
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JOE GANS.

THE DUSKY BALTIMORE BOXER WHO GAVE MIKE (TWIN) SULLIVAN HIS QUIETUS  
IN THE FIFTEENTH ROUND AT SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., ON JAN. 19.



## A PROMINENT SALOONIST

Wise Bartenders will Get Good Tips in This Column.



Fred G. Smith, of 325 Hampshire street, Quincy, Ill. is a well-known saloonist with a large circle of friends among the sporting fraternity in the West. Mr. Smith has a thorough knowledge of the saloon business. He serves the best the market affords, and by his genial manner has built up a prosperous business.

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**THIRD PRIZE—\$25.00 Gold Medal.**

All that is necessary is to send in the recipe for some new drink. Of course, that isn't as easy as it sounds, but it is easy enough if you once get to work on it.

No entrance fee is required, and contestants are not asked to spend a cent. Where can you get a fairer proposition than that.

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You will find all the pugilistic facts you want in the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for 1906, illustrated. Ask your newsdealer to get it for you, and if he fails to connect send twelve cents in stamps to this office.

### IMPERIAL HIGHBALL.

(By Rennie Jones, 2416 Washington avenue, Newport News, Va.)

Use highball glass; one lump of ice; one long piece lemon peel; three-ounce glass three star Irish whiskey; put on the bar and let customer help himself to Celery Tonic.

### CLOUDY SKY.

(By G. Golde, 815 Sixth avenue, New York.)

Use split glass with one large piece of ice; one wine glass Sloe gin; then fill with ginger ale and serve with peel of lemon.

### "I'D TELL A MAN."

(By C. Mike Reilly Thomas, Okla.)

Use bar glass full of shaved ice, two dashes Angostura; four dashes gum syrup; half of one lemon; a little pineapple juice; half wine glass Rye whiskey. Stir well with spoon, strain in large cocktail glass, put in a little claret wine and piece of orange on top.

### BABYLON COCKTAIL.

(By M. L. Thomas, Old Forge, Pa.)

Use large mixing glass half full shaved ice; three-quarter Jigger Maraschino; one-third of Cognac brandy; three dashes of Orange bitters; one stuffed olive. Stir well, strain in cocktail glass and serve.

### THE BOLD SPECIAL.

(By Harry O. Boldt, Grove House, Jersey City, N. J.)  
Fill large bar glass with cracked ice, add the juice of one lemon and a heaping bar spoon of powdered sugar. Fill glass about three-quarters full of vichy and then use about a pony of best Sherry wine and three dashes Orange bitters.

### MOXIE ROYAL.

(By Dan Dunsblon, Weller's Cafe, Massillon, O.)

Use highball glass with one lump of ice; two dashes syrup; two dashes wintergreen; half of a lime; one Jigger Bourbon whiskey. Fill with Moxie and serve.

### BILLY CLARK STOPPED BARRY

The Peerless A. C. of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., pulled off another of its monthly smokers on Jan. 15, and 400 sports were present. The first preliminary was between Paddy McAvoy and Kid James, both featherweights, of Wilkes-Barre, and they mixed it good and hard for

four rounds when James laid down and refused to continue.

The next go was between Tommy Morrissey and Jack McDermott, featherweights, of Plymouth. Morrissey was the cleverer, but Jack possessed the sleep producer, and after he landed a vicious one to Tommy's jaw in the fourth the police stepped in to save Morrissey. The next bout brought together a brace of bantamweights, Young Hayes, of Wilkes-Barre, and Billy Smith, of Scranton, the former winning on points after six good rounds.

The main bout was between Jack Barry, of Scranton, and Billy Clark, colored, of Pittston Pa., both lightweights. Barry started using roughhouse tactics in the second round and packed Clark up bodily and deliberately threw him against the ropes. After a series of clinches in the third Clark shot out a vicious right hook to Barry's jaw, the latter going down and out.

### EXIT MARTIN DUFFY.

Martin Duffy, the Chicago welterweight, who a few years ago was a top notcher in his class, continues to go on the downward path. Duffy met Jack Dougherty of Milwaukee, at Indianapolis, Ind., on Jan. 15, and was defeated in four rounds.

The going was all that saved Duffy at the end of the third. A lullaby of blows on the jaw and wind did the business in the fourth. Both men weighed over 145. Over one thousand men witnessed the bout.

### KAISER WON HANDICAP MATCH.

Charles Kaiser, a lightweight wrestler, and Jim Parr, the veteran English middleweight, met in a handicap match at Rochester, N. Y., on Jan. 16. Parr agreed to throw Kaiser three times in an hour catch-as-catch-can style. The victory was earned by one hour of the most exhausting kind of work, in which Parr gained two falls. He could not get the third.

### GOOD BOUTS IN PHILADELPHIA.

Some sensational boxing was witnessed at the National A. C., Philadelphia, on Jan. 20. The principals in the windup were Rouse O'Brien, of Boston, and Johnny Dwyer, of Perth Amboy, and a fast and clever contest was on. Dwyer set a very fast pace and was not after O'Brien from the first tap of the bell. He landed several to the Bostonian's face and he almost put him through the ropes in the first round. From this on to the finish it was give and take, each going in the lead in turns, and they were mixing it well at the bell. A draw would be a fair decision.

In the semi-windup Al Grander met Tommy Feltz. Grander was all over Tommy in the first round jarring him several times with rights and lefts to the jaw. In the second round Feltz swung a vicious right, missed, and received a fierce one on the jaw for getting gallus.

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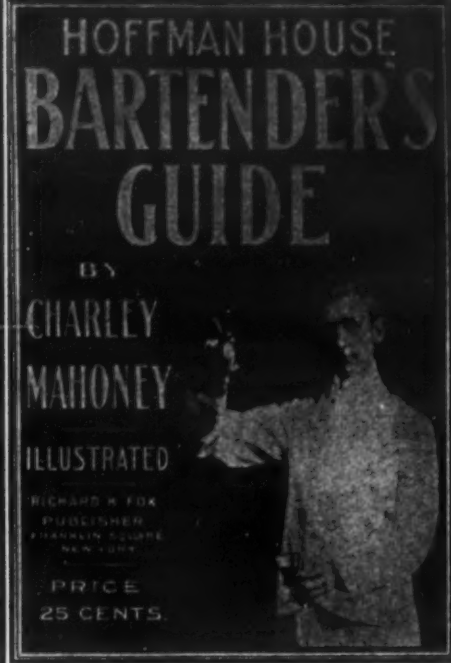
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### BARBERS CONTEST.

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### KID KRANT LOOKS GOOD.

Kid Krant of Seattle, knocked out Jack Cordell of San Francisco, in four rounds at Stockton, Cal., recently. A large delegation of San Francisco sports went there to back Cordell and all their money was accepted as Krant has shown good class. He fought from the sound of the gong and had the best of the contest at all times.

### SCROGGS WAS EASY.

Harry Scroggs, the Baltimore, Md., lightweight, was knocked out in the Monumental City, before the Eureka A. C., on Jan. 19 in the sixth round by Kid Sullivan, of Washington, D. C. Scroggs proved an easy proposition for Sullivan who simply played with his opponent until he was inclined to dispose of him.

### MURPHY AND WAGNER.

At the initial entertainment of the World A. C., on Jan. 19, Kid Murphy and Joe Wagner, two of the best bantams in the country, put up a three-round battle that was a treat. Both boys have a host of followers in the lower section of the metropolis, and so fast was the bout that the spectators were on edge all the time. It was a fast and most scientific bout.

Kid Coffey, of Brooklyn, and Lew Ryall, of Philadelphia, clashed in the semi-windup and fought hard. Tony Moran and Joe Barber mixed it good and plenty for three rounds, Moran having his man bleeding at the close. Young Mooney and Young Broad exchanged hard rights and lefts, but neither would go to sleep. Joe Kelly and Young Wagner fought a draw.

Johnny Powers outpointed Dan Hickey. Frank Jerans almost put Kid Freeman out. Jimmy Connors knocked out Kid Fletcher in the first round. Frank Madden knocked out Kid Dempsey in the second. Kid Temple and Phil O'Brien mixed it hard.

### FLYNN AND DONOVAN DRAW.

In the presence of a good sized crowd at Bradford, Pa., on Jan. 17, Cy Flynn, the middleweight boxer of Buffalo, and Mike Donovan, of Rochester, fought fifteen terrific rounds. Though the bout was called a draw a vast number thought Flynn had a shade, he

doing the most effective landing having Donovan's belly a bright red hue from punches. Flynn's left to the face also bothered Donovan. To Donovan's credit it can be said that he proved a glutton for punishment and was always coming back full of fight. He was rather slow in landing heavy punches. However, he landed one in the last round that brought the claret from Flynn's nose in a stream, while in the earlier rounds Donovan got the same, as well as a discolored optic. Both men finished strong.

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BARBERS.—Write enclosing card for Free Bottles.

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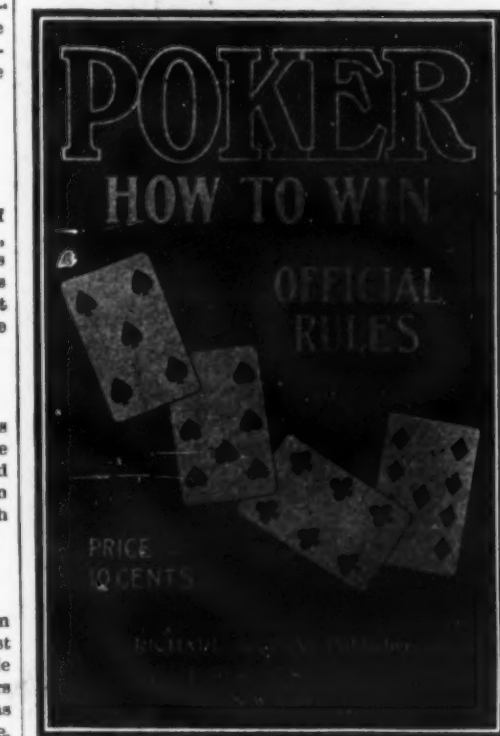
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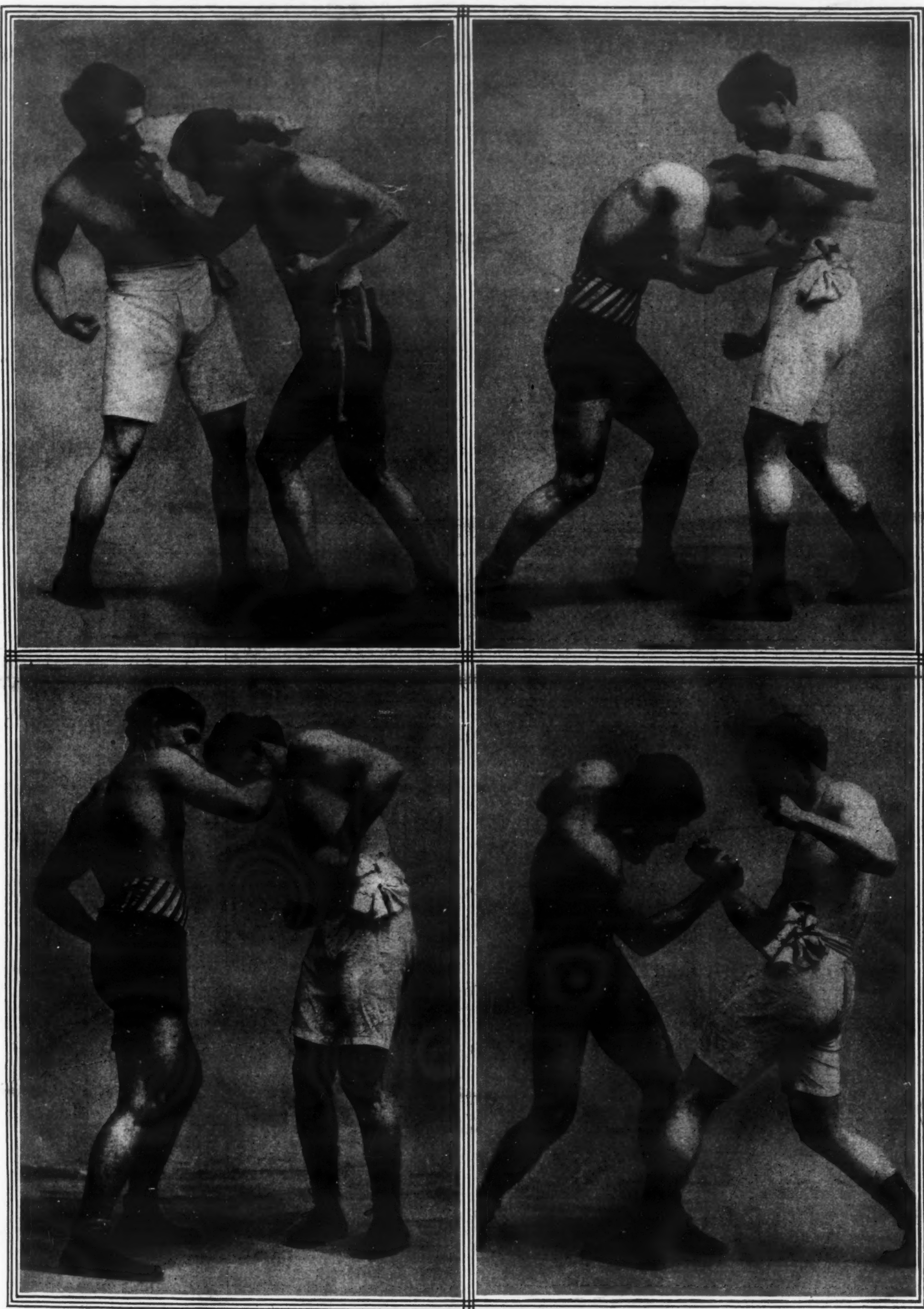
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AURELIO, THE HARD-HITTING MEXICAN BOXER, WHO RECENTLY KNOCKED OUT YOUNG CORBETT AND WHO IS MATCHED TO MEET KID HERMAN.





**MINDELL KINGSTON.**

A Brilliant and Charming Young Performer of the Vaudeville Team of World and Kingston, who have been Headliners for Several Years.